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Candle in the cabin

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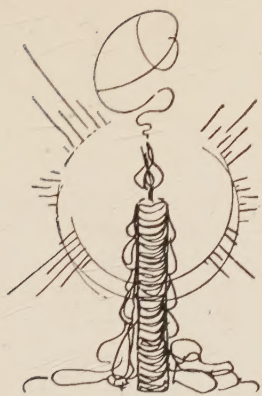


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## THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN

By VACHEL LINDSAY

THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN  
Pictures and Verse

GOING TO THE STARS  
Pictures and Verse

GOING TO THE SUN, OR TRAMPING  
WITH GRAHAM IN THE ROCKIES  
Pictures and Verse

A HANDY GUIDE FOR BEGGARS      Prose

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE  
GOSPEL OF BEAUTY      Prose

THE ART OF THE MOVING PICTURE  
Prose

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE      Verse

THE CONGO      Verse

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS  
INTO HEAVEN      Verse

THE GOLDEN WHALES OF CALIFORNIA  
Verse

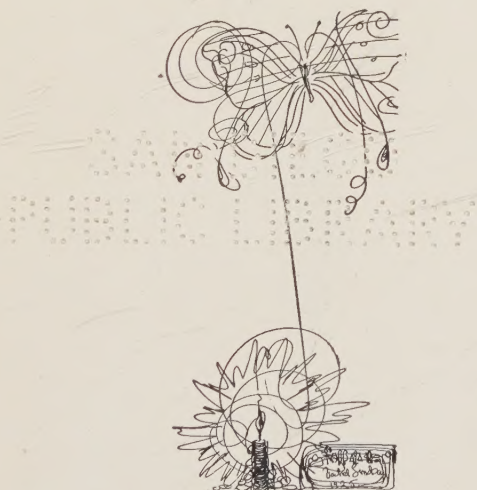
THE GOLDEN BOOK OF SPRINGFIELD  
Prose

# THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN

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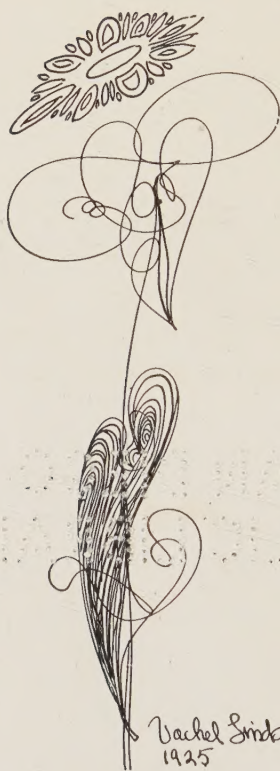
A WEAVING TOGETHER OF  
SCRIPT AND SINGING

BY  
VACHEL LINDSAY



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK :: LONDON :: MCMXXVI

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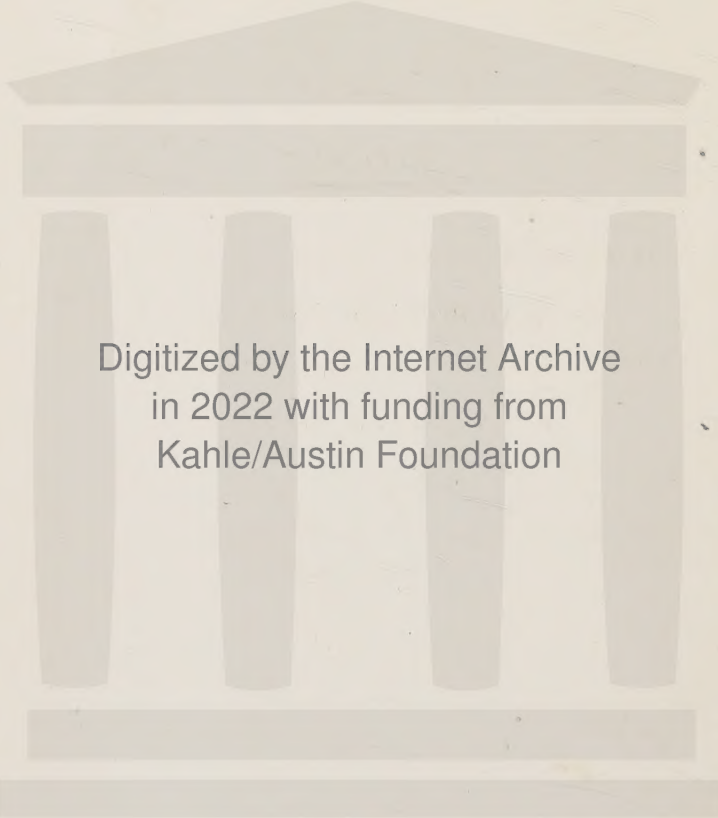
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## THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN

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# A NOTE

BY

THE POET AND ARTIST



The Spencerian System of Penmanship, known to our fathers, used the watch spring for a decorative unit. It built up both writing and drawing from the watch-spring curves, most mechanical. In the copy books birds made in that script flew around with stamped and sealed letters in their mouths. When it had disappeared from the public schools, the Spencerian System still prevailed in the script of the steel-engraved calling cards and wedding invitations of our elect.

Spencer was the only man in the Anglo-Saxon world who taught the public to build up handwriting into birds and flowers. If he had used the natural autograph of each man, instead of a watch-

### *A Note by the Poet and Artist*

spring curve, as the basis of his system of teaching, it might have become a school of art, instead of a discarded curiosity.

The Arabesques of the Arabs are evolved from carefully made scripts:—texts from the Koran, following to the last limit of decorative evolution the natural stroke of the scribe. Every school of Chinese and Japanese painting is evolved from the brushwork of the language. Still the young Chinese and Japanese artist is the boy in writing school whose script is most individual and interesting. He is later encouraged to combine the same brush strokes into drawing and painting.

Even the Chinese and Japanese architecture is an enlargement of their right-angled, brush-written ideograms. Half the history of art goes back to handwriting. Gothic architecture is close to the illuminated manuscript of the Monk. Old Irish design is a kind of writing.

So Spencer used a sound principle when he evolved his personal script into a bird.

In all the pictures in this book I have used the letters of the alphabet, capital and small letters, upside down, in circles, on top of one another, and all sizes. In short, these pictures are written, not drawn.

WAR-BONNET SECTION





## THE MOUNTAINS WITH STORMS FOR WAR-BONNETS

The mountains with storms for war-bonnets,  
The mountains with earthquakes for ponies,  
Ride on through the hundreds of millions of years,  
Talking and laughing through rain, wind and tears;  
Volcanoes their brothers, their chieftains, and  
cronies.

We, too, are their brothers and cronies.

They bathe in the oceans then lift up their heads.  
They leap from the deep, from the old coral beds.  
And conquer the shores again, moving by ages,  
While seemingly still as old books with closed  
pages.

Beware of the mountains, Oh Babylon men!  
The mountains await you, outstay, ride you down.  
They charge by like lightning in the sight of slow  
heaven,  
And will conquer the earth ere the sun tumbles  
down.



## RISEING WOLF SECTION





## RISING WOLF

Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave  
beast,

Looms up past the ranges

And leaps through the roof

Of the star-sky at twilight

And puts to the proof

All the ten dogs in my wolf-hunting heart,

Snarling, defying them there all day long,

And giving the cry that the wolves call a song.

And my dogs bark in circles, but keep well aloof

From the proud Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising  
Wolf.

Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave  
beast,

It will take a hundred brave dogs at the least

To hunt down and beat Rising Wolf, the brave  
beast.

There are ten great dogs in my heart and no more  
To hunt and to hound Rising Wolf, the brave beast.

But when will I have the strength of ten men,

And have one hundred brave dogs at the least?

In my heart are ten hounds

As small as small flowers,

## *Rising Wolf*

When I turn them loose they are great as the hours:  
They fill the valleys, they fill the rivers;  
They leap to the stars, they leap to the sun;  
They stand in a circle and bark at the snarling one.  
And they think it is strange and very surprising  
They cannot conquer the wolf in his rising.  
They bark, but their bark is uncertain surmising;  
And they beat back and whine, consulting, advising,  
Back there on the prairie amazed at his rising,  
And wonder what has delayed their great feast  
On black Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave beast.

Where are nine strong men to go with me now  
That the hundred strong dogs in our hearts may  
    rush down  
From the clouds and the sun and the stars on the  
    crown  
Of black Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave beast,  
And beat the beast down,  
Till we chain him, enslave him, and make him our  
    own,  
This river and snowstorm and stone,  
This mountain unconquered, whose hair, bone, and  
    blood,  
Are those of the deeps in their primeval flood,  
Are those of the winds to the west of the sky,  
Are those of the highest Red Warriors on high?



## THE HUNTING DOGS

The ten hunting dogs in my heart  
Have captured forty-six years  
In a wood that is dewy with tears.  
The ten hunting dogs in my heart  
Have captured, as hunting dogs should,  
That is, without wounding at all,  
All the wild birds that call  
In my rustic cage in my house in the wood.  
The ten hunting dogs in my heart  
Have helped tame the chipmunks and small baby  
bears,  
They drive mountain lions back, back, to their lairs.  
They help me to feed on elk meat,  
And my heart must beat to their rustling feet.  
And these are their names:  
America, Beauty, Song,  
Religion, Love of Lone Games,  
The Indian, the Lover, the Brother, the Proud One,  
The Chief No Man Tames.

## CONCERNING HIS INSIGNIA

*To Stephen Graham*

Brother, who went a-climbing across Asia,  
Tramping with big boots through the mysterious  
    places,  
The wide world is your parish,  
And new pathways  
Beckon you farther through still further races.  
We will be meeting soon on many boundaries:  
We crossed the Canadian Border for a sign.  
We will cross and claim a thousand oceans,  
And each side will be yours and each side mine.

Restless of heart! Always overshadowing  
Every path you found, the Cross gave light.  
There in that light you found your hope and wis-  
    dom,  
Tramping on, still fevered, through the night.  
You will tell world's-end of the other world's-end;  
You will tell borders where far borders are;  
You will yet reconcile such separate races—  
You will look down, a conqueror, from your star.

## WORLD-MAPS

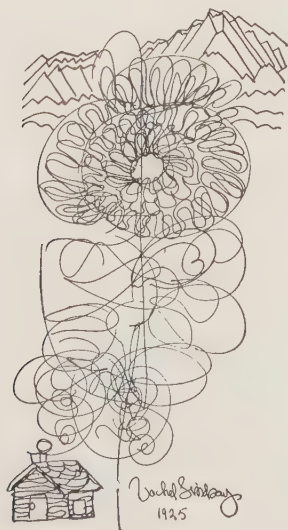
*To Stephen Graham*

I would draw rich maps of the whole world  
And every classic nation of the past—  
The spread of each religion, age by age,  
The plot of each soul-empire and the cast:  
The states that rose and fell after Christ's death,  
The nations that turned flowers in Buddha's breath,  
The states Prophet Mohammed made too brave,  
The states Osiris wakened from the grave.



## THE HOUSE OF BOONE

The smoke from the house  
Of Daniel Boone,  
More than a century ago,  
Turned to a Kansas sunflower  
In the sky,  
Then to a vision  
Of the Colorado mountains,  
Then to the Northwestern mountains,  
Row on row—  
Then to the  
California mountains,  
With their cloudy snow.



## THE RANGER'S CABIN

The Ranger's cabin keeps its light all night,  
Just as the lighthouse on the terrible shore.  
If you are lost, upon the high passes,  
Fight toward the light, then wander never more.

## THE SNOW BY RISING WOLF PEAK

By Rising Wolf Peak  
There's a canyon of snow,  
Heart-shaped,  
Fair, and white.  
It turns to blood-red  
If you climb there  
And stare,  
Through  
The long night.



## THE CHILD-HEART IN THE MOUNTAINS

On Rising Wolf Peak  
Is a canyon of snow  
Heart-shaped and  
Strange and wild.  
The pilgrim  
Who climbs  
To the canyon of snow  
Returns  
With the heart of a child.

## THE BRIDE'S BOUQUETS

By Rising Wolf  
We saw the bride's bouquets  
Tied to the New Moon.

*The Child-Heart*



*The Bride's  
Bouquets*



## BONNETS

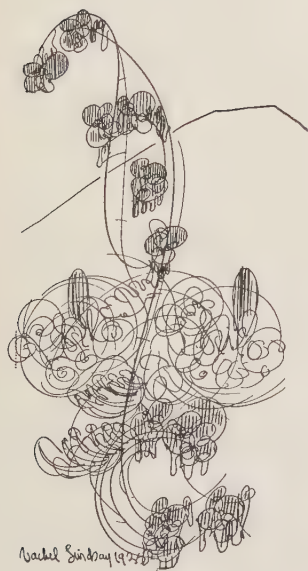
By Rising Wolf  
Bonnetts for Country girls  
Are found in  
Flowery swirls.

## THE LADY-SLIPPERS

By Rising Wolf  
The lady-slippers  
Grow on a green ladder  
In a pretty row.



*Bonnets*



*Lady-Slippers*

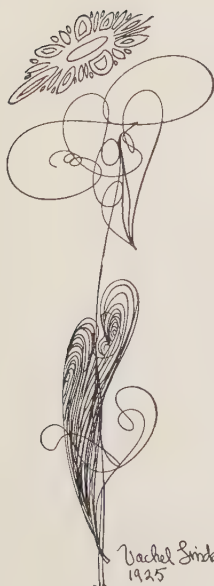
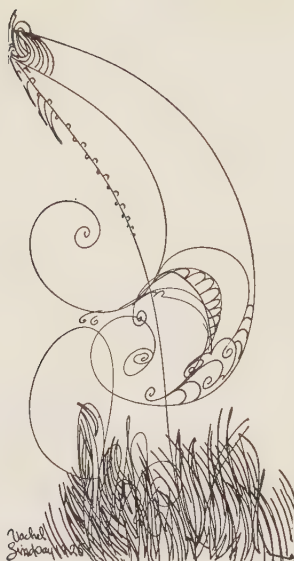
## THE PENNANT

Where the forest-fires had blackened  
Old Rising Wolf with shame  
After  
The first healing storm  
The pennant  
Of the green-grass soldiers  
Came.

## “CŒUR D’ALENE”

There blooms  
In the Lodge-Pole forest lane  
The flower called  
“The pointed heart”  
Or, sometimes  
“Cœur d’ Alene.”

*The Pennant*

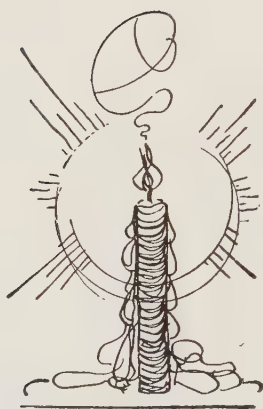


*"Cœur d'Alene"*



HERE BEGINS  
THE FOREST-RANGER'S COURTSHIP

WHICH IS AN INTERLUDE THROUGH THE BOOK  
TILL "THE FOREST-RANGER'S HONEYMOON"  
BEGINS.





## THE HALL OF JUDGMENT

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

To this vague court of judgment we appeal  
To this tremendous wind-swept range we call—  
Be with us through the fall;  
Though we are far away, and this majestic hall  
Seems alien to the eastern falling leaves,  
October apples and October sheaves.  
We have the dream of conquering all the maps,  
Of taking our twelve sons around the world:  
We will not be stopped by rain or snow,  
Or caught in little traps.  
We would be unchained from dusty houses;  
We would enjoy, then leave the largest towns.  
We would enjoy and love the oldest neighbors,  
Worn only here in the flowers' hall of justice,  
Worn only in this great court of appeals,  
Here would our tribe judge and be judged forever,  
Here we would be sealed with sacred seals,  
Till none can move us, or distress  
Except the wilderness;  
Till none can comfort, harry, or caress  
Except the wilderness;  
Till thus, by being free  
And filled with the waterfall's mirth,  
Our house, our twelve bright sons,

*The Hall of Judgment*

And our own souls  
Explore and conquer the wilderness of earth,  
All trails of the earth.

THE PIGEON DRAGON-ROSE

The rose that bloomed  
In the waterfall  
Turned to a Pigeon Dragon-Rose  
More sturdy of frame,  
More icy of thorn  
Than any garden-blossom  
That blows.



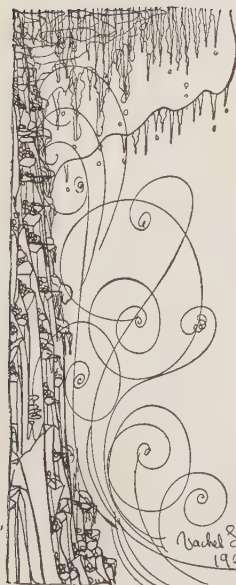
## THE TWIN WATERFALLS

The Twin Waterfalls  
That were jealous  
Over a huckleberry bush  
Swept down the mountains  
With a quarrel and a push.

## THE CURLING WAVES

The curling waves  
Of Iceberg Lake  
Wind and wind  
Before they break.

*The Twin  
Waterfalls*



*The Curling  
Waves*

Rachel Stryker  
1925

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE THE MEMBERS OF OUR FAMILY

The mountains are the members of our family to  
defend us.

They fight us by the campfire but are for us in the  
street.

They gather round the fire log, insulting and accus-  
ing.

They curse the cat, they kick the dog,  
Step on each other's feet,  
Full of open feuds, with us, and one another;  
But when it comes to war with men  
Each mountain is our brother.  
In Babylon we speak of them,  
Each mountain is our brother.

## THE BABBITT JAMBOREE

When I see an Indian dressed for war  
Yet dancing for a Babbitt jamboree  
In plumes no Babbitt ever dares to wear,  
An anger rises in me  
Like high tide in the sea.  
These are my own, these Indians. I know  
What makes the breeds more bitter than the bloods.  
There's just one drop of Indian blood in me,  
Yet in tremendous tides and floods  
It seems to sweep upon me when I watch  
Those who have owned this land turned to a show.

And when I put a feather in my hat,  
It is with thoughts the Babbitts cannot know.  
Woe to the pale face then who thinks it is for show!

That little feather stands for a whole war.  
It means I beat the tom-toms in the rain;  
It means a scalping knife is in my belt,  
That I will lead the young braves not in vain.  
It means when all these silly days are done,  
Sons of this soil will come into their own,  
Sons of the Mohawk,  
Sons of Pocahontas,  
Bread of these rocks and mountains, blood and  
bone.



## THE MOUNTAIN WITH WINGS

Red Eagle, Red Eagle,  
The red man's own mountain!  
Red Eagle, Red Eagle,  
The mountain with wings,  
Where the butterflies fly in white rings,  
Where the chipmunks display an especial fantastic  
And seem to be spreading red wings.  
Red Eagle, Red Eagle, where sunrise and sunset  
Seem to be spreading red wings.  
Red Eagle, Red Eagle, where waterfalls shake the  
walls  
Seem to be splitting the canyons and valleys,  
Seem to be spreading red wings.

Red Eagle  
Where he  
Who sleeps under  
That wonder,  
The aspen,  
Dreams that its whiteness is wrapped round in fire,  
Till it seems to be spreading red wings,  
And climbed by a feathered green serpent that  
stings.

Oh mountain, endowed with the pride of the bird  
That sings not, but rules every songster that sings,

*The Mountain with Wings*

And sets me to singing and lifting my head,  
And spreading my sky with red wings, red wings!

Red Eagle, Red Eagle,  
The red man's own mountain,  
That seems to be spreading red wings.



## THE RED EAGLE LOVE SONG

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

We would be stakers of homesteads and ranches,  
Yet have our homes regal.

Then,

We would be breakers of underbrush branches  
On that mountain, Red Eagle.

We would be rakers of alfalfa and hay,  
By sweat earn our bread.

Yet:—

We would be lazy and sassy and gay,  
By the moment be led.

We would be bakers of clams, in lost island sands,  
Far from good people;  
Be great forsakers of prim and restraining hands,  
And the church steeple.

We would be eagles red,  
Blazing through all the year,  
Lovers of Red Gods and unknown to any fear.

By Red Eagle Mountain I make you my love song,  
By Red Eagle Mountain, I lift up my voice, and  
rejoice.

## THE PARABLE OF DEEPNESS

"In Glacier Park is a bottomless lake," said a guide  
on the east side to me.

"If you tie a big rock to a system of clothes lines,  
Tied end to end, forever and ever,  
You will find it more deep than the sea."

"Now where is this lake?" I asked the smart guide.

"West of the Ranges," said he.

"In Glacier Park is a bottomless lake," said a guide  
on the west side to me.

"If you let down a system of trout lines and wire,  
Tying on more, all your heart may desire,  
With a horseshoe for plumb on the end of the string,  
You cannot determine the depth of the thing.  
You will find it more deep than the sea."

"Now where is this lake?" I asked that gay guide.

"East of the Ranges," said he.

"In the ocean there sure is a bottomless place,"  
Said a sailor in New York harbor to me.

"If you let down a cable with plummets to fit  
You will find it more deep than the bottomless pit.  
It's a terrible place to get drowned at sea—  
We cannot dive down and rescuers be."

"Now where is this water?" I asked the salt sailor.

"Just south of the North Pole," said he.

## *The Parable of Deepness*

"In the ocean there sure is a bottomless place,"

Said a San Francisco sailor to me.

"The sea spiders come when we ship in that sea

And they fasten their threads to the ribs of the ship,

Shark-proof-silk, resisting the lip

Of sharks of the highest or lowest degree.

And the spiders spin down, and swim down, and  
dive down,

And bite everything in the green-weed-town, .

And clear things away, and swim down, and say:—

'Oh where is the floor of this fathomless sea?'

But the sea is as deep as the bottomless pit.

No spider has ever dived down into it,

Not a spider of highest or lowest degree."

"Now where is this water?" I asked the proud  
sailor.

"Just north of the South Pole," said he.

Now the China boy there in the chop suey dive

Serving us whisky in tea

Sat down and continued the epic of deepness,

Delighting the salt and his sweetie and me.

He said, "There's a well in Confucius' back yard

Overhung by a plain little cinnamon tree.

The well has run dry, but is deep as the sky.

There's a star day and night you can see

If you put your fool head in the shadowy boughs,

## *The Parable of Deepness*

Looking down through black leaves of the cinnamon  
tree.

“You can let down a kite string as long as a river  
And tie on bright jades that will glitter and quiver,  
In the light of the star in the depths of the well.

It goes down like the slenderest glittering dragon,  
And passes all side-doors and cellars of Hell,  
Making dry rainbows there in the flagon.

No thread has ever gone down to the star,  
The jewelled lost hub of Confucius’ blue car.”

“Now where is this well?” inquired the gay sailor.

“I would like to go there with a spider and trailer.”

“In Confucius’ back yard,” said the boy with a  
stare.

“I’m American born and have never been there,  
But I heard my great-grandfather say it was there.”

When I climb on Sun-Mountain and look up at noon  
Then new revelations of glory come soon  
And the sky is a lake more deep than the dream  
Of cowboy or sailor, or China boy gay.  
And I need no kite strings to measure the way.

When I sleep on that height  
There is midnight more deep

*The Parable of Deepness*

Than the bottomless pit, or the seas, or the wells,  
Or the wise men's great tales of sea spiders and  
hells.

When the great moon comes up  
I lie in a sea  
Where the moon is the ship of God comforting me,  
But between are wonders more deep than ever  
may be  
In the lonely and strange lost green floors of the sea,  
Or the deep drowned flowers in the depths of the  
Polar Sea.

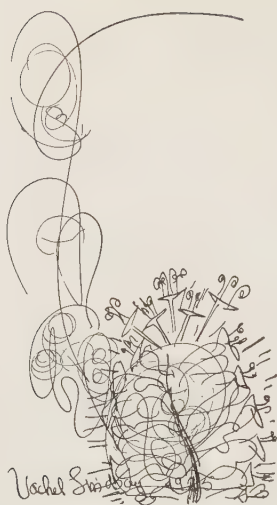
HERE BEGINS  
THE BEE, DRAGON FLY AND  

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FLYING MACHINE SERIES

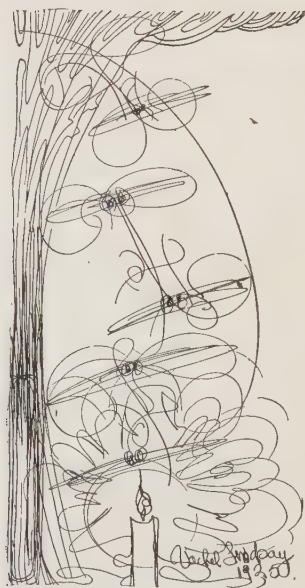
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*The Bee that  
Left a Smoke  
Trail*

*The Dragon  
Flies*



## THE BEE

The Bee that left a smoke trail  
In the sky,  
After he kissed  
The Fireweed Bloom good-by.

## THE DRAGON FLIES

The Dragon Flies of the  
Silver Lake  
Were flying machines  
Of an ancient make.

## PATHFINDER OF THE AIR

With a Medal for Lowell H. Smith, Inscribed by the Explorers Club of New York "Circumnavigator and Pathfinder of the Air."

Pathfinder of the air, the nations honor you.  
They envy the adventure and the goal.  
They honor the hard pathway of Ulysses  
The wave-surmounting cloud-compelling soul,  
The courage of Columbus in new oceans  
And Magellan's circumnavigating glory.

Like great migrating birds, their wings in rhyme  
All men may fly around the world to-day,  
Because you did it first, and for all time,  
And made Magellan's victory your own story.

HERE BEGINS  
THE MOHAWK SECTION

I have used "The Mohawk" in many previous poems, in other books as a tótal symbol of all the Red Indian Tribes and all the Red Indian Gods from the beginning to the end of time.



## BY THE MOHAWK'S BUCKSKIN DOOR

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

Do we return to the Rockies?  
Surely we camp once more  
There on the peaks of to-morrow  
By the Mohawk's buckskin door.  
The old Gods and the new Gods  
Must fight in student hearts.  
When the new tribes seem most sleepy  
Another war-whoop starts.  
When the old Gods seem but basalt,  
We hear a sistrum ring.  
In the end of the years  
Will Thoth, the scribe,  
Or the Mohawk be our king?

## THE MOHAWK COMES

Bring my green-gold weeds and trees

To speak of his approach,

The Mohawk.

Bring my roaring waterfalls

To speak of his approach,

The Mohawk.

Bring the fearful glaciers

To speak of his approach,

The Mohawk.

Bring the terrible mountain forms

To speak of his approach,

The Mohawk.

For when weeds and trees are visions blazing  
through the midnight black,

When waterfalls are like great ghosts that walk  
across the storm and wrack,

When visions of vast glaciers bring the ghosts of  
rocks of old,

And the mountains seem to march and earthquakes  
with new clouds enfold,

Then the Mohawk brings the ages, brings the In-  
dian ages back!

CONCERNING THE MOUNTAIN IN  
GLACIER PARK CALLED "ALMOST  
A DOG"

Almost a dog  
But really a prologue,  
To a wind song whose rhythms make ripples in  
creeks.

Almost a dog  
But really a dialogue  
Between my sick soul and the guardian it seeks.

Almost a dog  
But really an epilogue  
To an epic of hiding and seeking for weeks.

Almost a barking dog  
Really a monologue,  
A mountain that barks of itself at the sky,  
And all the invisible things that go by.

Almost a dog  
But really a thunder cloud,  
Changing again to a mystery and mist.

Almost a dog  
But really a fire-log,  
Really a sunset where rose clouds are kissed  
By storms that keep troth and keep tryst.

Almost a dog  
But really a Mohawk's arm,



*"Almost a Dog"*

A tomahawk held in a warrior's fist.  
Almost a dog  
But really a jewel,  
A vast and incredibly deep amethyst.  
Almost a barking dog  
Really a monologue,  
A mountain that barks of itself at the moon,  
Yet a sod so friendly, so shaggy, so wagging,  
When one lays a tired hand in the deep bear grass;  
The mountainside turns like a friend to you soon  
To guard you and guide you home under the moon,  
A dog like a friendly bear under the moon.

Almost a dog  
Yet really a monologue,  
Of the heart-roaring Mohawk singing in wonder  
How mystery hangs like tree-moss from the heavens.  
Almost a dog  
But really the thunder—  
The Red Indian Thunder, the Thunder, the  
Thunder!

## THE RED INDIAN BRIDE

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

There is a bridal hour  
In my ancestral story  
That comes each year with overwhelming power.  
I remember the wild pioneer  
The younger son from England and from Spain,  
Who took the Red Indian bride  
On the mossy rock in the rain,  
Somewhere in Virginia,  
Or somewhere in Tennessee,  
And set the Picts and Scots forever free,  
And turned loose on America  
The Saxons and the Angles,  
Wearing Odin's raven wings  
And Thor's war-bangles;  
Wearing the sort of feathers  
Fit for man—  
The feathers of Black Hawk and Powhatan,  
And made me an Indian chief.  
Though I am worlds away  
(There are mountain ranges between us)  
Yet that deep-wood yesterday  
Is nearer to my bridegroom blood  
Than all other natural things.  
If I have sons, let them be red,  
Painted Red Indian kings.

## THE FLYING PAPOOSES

We have seen the Flying Papooses  
Climbing Hawaii's crown;  
We have seen them in visions in Mesa Verde,  
In Yosemite's out-door town  
Of towers that never will tumble down.

We have seen the Flying Papooses  
In dreams, in the great redwood trees,  
Flying and dancing in air,  
Above the sequoia's knees,  
We have seen the Flying Papooses  
In the Yellowstone Park in our dream.  
They jump into boiling waters,  
They sing in the geyser steam.  
We have seen the Flying Papooses  
Diving in Crater Lake,  
And marvelous medicine make,  
There with the birds and the wildflowers  
On the steep bank of Crater Lake.

We have dreamed of the Flying Papooses  
Using snowshoes on Mount Rainier;  
And climbing to dawn stars in snowshoes,  
And riding the skies on moose-backs and deer.  
We have dreamed of the Flying Papooses  
How they captured Glacier Park,

## *The Flying Papooses*

Changing for an hour  
From Flying Papooses  
To young wolves that race and bark.

We have seen them fly up Mount McKinley  
From the deep of the valley to where  
The peak lifts tremendous snowstorms,  
And throws them like flowers through the air.

In all of the Parks of the nation,  
By these wings is your spirit set free,  
The wings of the Flying Papooses,  
In the mountains like primitive temples,  
The forests and cliffs like the sea.  
By the wings and the cries of the Flying Papooses  
Is your soul long in prison,  
Given its pride,  
And its sails,  
And set free.

## THE FOURTH RETURN TO SUN-MOUNTAIN

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

From clear St. Marys Lake to the high blue  
We saw the angels climb in sunset light. their wings  
all new.

And so in rain and storm and rainbows  
We swore to climb, too,  
To climb those celestial ladders every one.  
Past the mountain peak called Going-to-the-Sun.

A double mind was ours.  
We saw those angels as we see the flowers.  
And yet we felt ourselves as Indians  
Without aureoles  
Serving Red Gods whose names were never written  
On old scrolls;  
Serving storms and stars  
Alien to that angel band.  
So while the angels filled the sky  
The Indian storm Gods danced upon the mountain  
peaks,  
The glaciers, the forests, the water and the land.  
And yet with Indians and angels we were one,  
All going, going, going,  
To the Sun, the Sun, the Sun!

## IDOL OF THE DEER

Behold:—

The steps to the  
Idol of the deer,  
The idol was a  
Cloud in the highest sky,  
The steps were clouds  
Above Sun-Mountain.

## THE GOLDEN ORCHIDS

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

In the snow-born waterfalls, we found the golden  
orchids,  
Nodding in the moss beneath the thunder.  
Though many a snowstorm, there, had come and  
gone,  
Though many a wind had deeply snowed them  
under,  
They nodded there, and slept in spite of thunder,  
In delicate, serene, and golden wonder.

## TO THE TALLEST ASPEN OF GLACIER PARK

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

You are marvelous in your power to soar.  
Too white to be a tree,  
Too slim to be a tree,  
And yet so strong, outshining all  
The bright-boughed pines around;  
Making the stream about your feet  
Sing with a holy sound  
From the consecrated ground.  
You are a gate of Paradise,  
The only one to-day that we have found.

## THE OLD MAIL COACH TO BELTON

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

The old mail coach to Belton  
Seemed to sweep the purple seas:  
The old mail coach to Belton,  
In the drizzle and the fog.  
The old mail coach to Belton  
Went through an old burnt forest,  
Past blackened mast and log;  
But our hearts were gay with the conquest  
Of the world and all the seas.  
Our hobnailed shoes were water-soaked,  
We were mud up to the knees;  
But with the ancient silken sails,  
We swept purple seas,  
For our hearts were tides within us,  
Greater than all the seas.



## THE FAWNS AND THE STRANGER

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

The fawns across the farmyard in the rain  
Leap with a grace astonishing the eye.  
They know the farmer, and they trust the farmer,  
But watch the stranger with a weather eye;  
And if the stranger quivers but a feather,  
The fawns leap over the fence and say "good-by."

## THE DEER OF QUARTZ RIDGE

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

The deer of Quartz Lake, Quartz Creek, and Quartz  
Ridge,

Leap to a rhythm that sets me afire.

They jump the rail fences, jump the barb wire.

They live in their leaping, they hold their heads  
high,

These quivering, shivering, delicate wonders,

The deer of Quartz Lake, that rush by.

## THE WRITHING, IMPERFECT EARTH

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

Dear love, if you and I had perfect love,  
No doubt we could not face the imperfect earth.  
We have a little, struggling, deathless love,  
Struggling up through the writhing, imperfect  
earth.

We who would make of every breath a song,  
We who would make of every vista, peace,  
Struggle up like rooted growing things,  
Like pines at the mountain top in stony earth,  
Struggling up through the writhing, imperfect  
earth.

Yet now, dear love, we proudly remake our vows,  
Standing like gods beneath the noon or the moon.  
Yet we bend with love flowers on our brows,  
Renew them soon if they wither soon.

Yet, my darling, darling, though we wound,  
Misunderstand, and struggle for our peace,  
Still kisses, dearest kisses, give release;  
And the sod blooms with a flower of deathless worth,  
And secret heavenly mirth,  
The flower of faith.

*The Writhing, Imperfect Earth*

The angel flower of faith,  
That strange scrap of snow,  
That magical sweet wraith,  
Struggling up through the writhing, imperfect  
earth.

## BEGGING PARDON

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

There is only one way to forgive,  
With a whole heart.  
There is only one way to forgive,  
Take a new start.  
There is only one way to beg pardon,  
And that is abjectly, completely.  
And so I beg pardon,  
And will you forgive me  
Sweetly?

## I SAW A ROSE IN EGYPT

### *The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

I saw a rose in Egypt  
Where many a lotus blooms.  
In Egypt, in my dream,  
I saw a rose.  
Alone there in the sand,  
The glory of the world,  
In Egypt, by the stream,  
I saw a rose.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE  
SINGERS IN THE MOUNTAINS

*The Forest-Ranger's Courtship*

When you and I were singers, were singers in these  
    mountains,  
A million and a million years ago,  
We built a nest of silk  
From the fireweed of these mountains,  
And sang and sang, and saw the summers go.

When you and I were singers, were singers in these  
    mountains,  
We built our nest in echoing Indian Pass,  
But we called it in bird-language:—  
“The place of echoing grass.”

The longest sweetest echo the world of birds may  
    know,  
We heard there, we heard there long ago.  
We could sing long sweet sentences  
And hear the whole come back—  
A whispering of trembling lovers' words,  
A whispering of ardent little birds.

When you and I were singers, were singers in these  
    mountains,

*Singers in the Mountains*

We were just such mountain larks as sing at dawn,  
Now making great cantatas with a chorus of dim  
    echoes,

Calling sweet lovers to this sacred lawn,  
Saying: "Set free your hearts and sing to the  
    dawn!"

THE BEGINNING OF  
THE FOREST-RANGER'S HONEYMOON

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## THE HOUR OF FATE

### *The First Song of the Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

The log cabin hearth fire dies away;  
The embers turn to ashes, and we wait;  
It is the hour of fate.

Here, by these two dim candles, we bend,  
Each to each, at the riotous day's end.

Oh, the tremendous leaping of our souls  
At dawn this morning because of the mountains'  
gold!

Till we improvised in song: meter and rhyme.  
Oh, the tremendous leaping of ambition  
When new strength came with the wind, and the  
high climb.

How we planned and plotted against gloom,  
Against the sorrows of the world and time,  
The gray hairs of the years,  
The sod of the grave.  
How we planned and plotted against tears.

Now we remember the red rocks at noon,  
The great blue rivers and the yellow moss;  
Now we remember the white aspen bowers;  
Now we remember the purple lake, and how we  
swam across;

*The Hour of Fate*

Now we remember the crimson Indian paint;  
Now we remember the orange autumn leaves.  
The embers turn to ashes and we wait.  
It is the hour of fate.  
Either the mighty bridal hour or the closing of love's  
gate.

BY AN OLD UNLIGHTED CANDLE

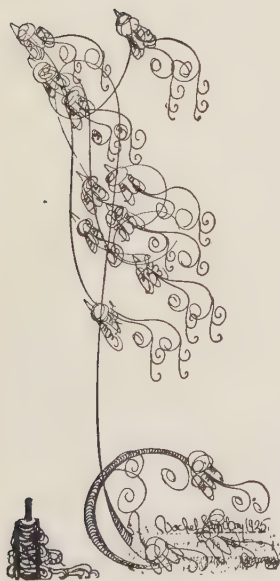
By an old  
Unlighted candle in the cabin  
In the moonlight  
Strange flowers  
Went up like arrows  
Shot into the air.

Love-darts sprang up  
By an old unlighted  
Candle in a cabin  
In the moonlight.

*Strange Flowers*



*Love Darts*



## FINDING THE MYSTERIOUS CABIN

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

We found an empty cabin  
By a bend in the river,  
In a forest of poplars, of aspens, lodge-pole pines,  
In a circle of the steepest cliffs our eyes had ever  
    known,  
All of weird designs.  
The narrowest, strangest valley  
Our souls might hope to own,  
Full of bewitching signs,  
And deep as to the center of the earth  
It seemed this morning  
As we peeped down round the pass,  
To take the reckoning,  
And watch the dawn adorning  
Glacial snow and grass.

Here in the empty cabin, we found our heart's de-  
    light,  
And whispered plans to make the world all rhyme;  
And whispered plans to find the golden heart of this  
    strange time;  
And planned deep deeds in this deep place  
Throughout the forest night.

## THE JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

Going-to-the-Sun is Going-to-To-morrow,  
Going-to-Adventure, "with bells on," as it were.  
Once upon a time,  
We had a strange adventure,  
When we were dressed in feathers, leaves, and fur.

We found a very deep and quite extinct volcano,  
With many circles of tall spruce around it,  
And devil's club around it.  
On and down we wandered when we found it;  
Round and round we climbed inside around it.

The volcano was so wide  
The eagles soared across it;  
The echoes of its corridors were wonderful to hear;  
And when we threw down pebbles, the thunder kept  
    increasing,  
And sent a deep earth trumpeting, to the inner ear.

Round and down we wandered,  
Hand in hand kept going,  
Eating huckleberries and blueberries all the way;  
Killed and cooked big game, as down and down we  
    wandered,

*The Center of the Earth*

Till the blazing hour of noon was all we had of day.

All the flowers of Glacier Park bloomed down to  
the center.

A whispering wildcat soon made friends, and led  
us farther down.

He beckoned and he whined,  
He skipped and rolled and signed,  
With manners like a chipmunk's,—  
Until he brought us to a wildcat-town.

Each cat had a tree,  
Each cat had a cave,  
Each cat took his turn at keeping deer, on the slope.  
They fed us on deer's blood;—  
They were like old friendly Indians,  
And sent us farther earthward, with good-will signs,  
and hope.

In and down we wandered, following little streams,  
Finding jeweled pebbles and Aztec designs  
On the mattocks and the picks and drills of the  
jewel mines.

In and down we wandered,  
Past many jeweled wonders,  
And as the shadows tried us,

## *The Center of the Earth*

And as the nights grew longer,  
The fireflies flew before us.  
We lit brush fires to guide us,  
We carried tall pine torches,  
And the fireflies helped beside. . . .  
And then new lights began to shine  
On a phosphorescent tree,  
That was our guide.

A tree like a giant aspen  
That grew on a narrow roadway—  
One side of each aspen leaf shone with silvery white;  
Who had put the trees here  
In a winding path transcendent  
To guide us when the sun no more gave light?

The way was never lonely,  
The way was never weary,  
For we had one another and loved as now to-day.  
The wonders all went past us,  
We played and we adventured,  
And took it all for granted, as this cabin here to-day.  
We do not know who built it,  
It seems left for half a century.  
Its history in the forest is as unknown and as strange  
As that wild lost volcano we found behind the range.



## *The Center of the Earth*

Down and down we wandered,  
The aspens, giant candles,  
Lit our way as these two candles  
Light our shack to-night.  
We had our loving there as here,  
Our big pine beds of hearts' delight,  
And love's eternal rite.

Down and down we wandered,  
To the wild earth's center.  
There we found strange bluebell flowers whose music  
    could be heard,  
And wore them for our pleasure,  
Frolicked and were absurd.  
And there we found a nest of birds with eggs big as  
    the moon,  
Round as the moon.  
They broke their bright shells singing,  
And soon with father and mother,  
Up the whirling whirl were winging,  
Up the whirling fantasy  
Were whirling, soaring, singing soon.

One of them stayed to beckon,  
One of them stayed to whisper,  
Just as the wildcat whispered,

## *The Center of the Earth*

With manners like a chipmunk, though as big as  
any moon.

There, with bluebells all over us,  
He tied us to one feather,  
And then all three together  
Went up, went up, to his volcano tune.

Cry of a lost volcano!  
Cry of the dear earth's center!  
Cry of a dream volcano, where the fire is now a bird,  
A bird and yet a giant ghost, singing a giant word!  
A word that means great bird-love,  
A word that means bright nesting,  
A word that means dim wings of fire,  
And love and vast unspent desire.  
And this he sang, as on he sprang;  
He was tender with us, too,  
And left us here beside this shack, while he leaped  
into the blue,  
And we waved at him with bluebells  
While he leaped into the blue.

We called him "Going-to-the-Sun"  
And "Going-to-To-morrow."  
If these were our adventures, in our silly yesterday,  
(With bells on, with bells on)

*The Center of the Earth*

We are going to adventure now,  
Going-to-To-morrow;  
And it is just past midnight, and the candle flames  
are gay.

The great fire-logs are roaring,  
Whispering and singing  
The love song of to-morrow and adventure and new  
day.  
Going-to-the-Sun is Going-to-To-morrow  
And is going out to frolic and to play.

THE SECTION ENTITLED  
THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN  
IS LIGHTED



## THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

When you and I were driving herds and ranching  
on the sun,  
Skinning mules and building towns and cooking for  
the boss,  
Living where the mountains and the plains and  
rivers cross,  
We had our vast adventures and our blood-letting  
days.  
For cattle thieves are mighty on the trails of the  
sun;  
When they capture big-bull prizes, their day of  
glory rises.  
But we caught them and we lynched them  
On the great plains of the sun.  
And those were cruel realistic days.  
Yes, we kept our cattle safe, the cattle of the Sun-  
chief.  
Bulls like the Bulls of Texas bellowed there,  
And we rode their backs like gods and frolicked  
there.

The great sea in the sun is like the air;  
And the great wind in the sun is like the sea;  
And we rode the bulls of wonder  
Through the ocean round the year,

## *The Candle in the Cabin*

Over the ocean floor;  
And gloried without fear.

When we were cook and cowboy in the tremendous  
sun,  
We built a shack of silver rocks and rain.  
For the light is like the rain  
In the storm-clouds of the sun,  
And our magic harnessed clouds and rocks and  
rain.  
And we built a rainbow shack of rocks and rain,  
And lit a wax-flower candle in the night there in the  
rain;  
For night comes there despite the blazing rain.  
We lit a little candle made of wax from wax-flower  
berries,  
From the highest forest of the mountain heights.  
And there we kissed and sang,  
As here we kiss and sing,  
Teaching one another dear delights.

When you and I were children of the tremendous  
sun,  
Serpent-strangers, and horse-wranglers,  
Bull-whackers and mule-skinners,  
We hardly knew  
Just what to do.

*The Candle in the Cabin*

We had the strength and leisure,  
(We had ten thousand years)  
So we rode a great red eagle  
Through the blaze and blue.  
We looked down on our mountains,  
We looked down on our cities,  
We looked down on our oceans,  
On our bull herds, proud and vain,  
And on our playhouse built of rocks and rain.

Then we flew to Glacier Park,  
And turned to aspen trees,  
Here on great Sun Mountain, and dreamed here,  
In the sunshine, rocks and rain,  
Dreamed again of Going-to-the-Sun,  
And saw April going and returning,  
And forest fires and years,  
And saw Red Eagle turn into a mountain,  
Through the years.

Then we were born as lovers,  
Singing as we are now,  
Singing, desiring,  
Burning a little candle in a log house in the rain.  
And the shadows thrown by candlelight  
Are light, not midnight darkness.



*The Candle in the Cabin*

They fill the midnight darkness with the starlight  
of our pain:—

Our hearts' celestial revel,  
Sun-born, without stain,  
In that rain called the starlight,  
In that rain called the sunshine,  
In that candle-flame, called rain.

## BY THE OLDEST TRAILS

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

The moose they say is a whimsical beast.  
The pack rat is a curious thing.  
The wood wasp, too, is a curious thing.  
But a stranger thing was on the wing,  
A flying machine, the fire patrol,  
Heard from behind a tremendous mountain,  
Humming on like America's soul.

It was hid behind the mountain top,  
Yet humming and humming again and again.  
Then we slept all night in a cabin unused,  
Yet a telephone spoke again and again,  
The ringing pulse of America's blood,  
Calling us back by its very sound  
To America's streets again and again.

So deeper and deeper on we climbed  
To where the fallen cabins are found  
By the oldest trails, a lifetime old.  
And the waterfalls roared to keep us proud,  
And not be misled by the hum and the ring  
Back to where the skyscrapers swing.

## THE DRAGON FLY GUIDE

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

A dragon fly by bright Waterton Lake,  
And a flying machine in the sky,  
Ran competition for our admiration  
The day that summer went finally by.  
The flying machine disappeared in the west  
Across hundreds and hundreds of trails,  
The dragon fly dallied in buckler metallic  
Fish and reptilian scales,  
Whizzing this way and that,  
By bright Waterton Lake,  
And seemed to be showing the way we should take,  
While the underbrush dragged at our knees.

Then the dragon fly led  
To a dimmer lake,  
The home of a somnolent, indolent breeze;  
The dragon fly led  
To one lone lake,  
The true lovers' own,  
The sweet secret lake,  
Past hundreds and hundreds of trees,  
Hundreds and hundreds of trees.

## WHY DO WE NOT RETURN?

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

Dear, we were in Egypt  
Not so long ago.  
We sailed the Nile,  
We saw the sacred Ibis come and go.  
We sailed among Papyrus reeds,  
We saw the temples burn  
In the light of the desert dawn.  
Why do we not return?

Here by our cabin candle,  
With Red Indian Gods in the air,  
We look at our hieroglyphic book  
Till Thoth is standing there.  
We look at the hieroglyphic book  
Till Hathor shakes her bells,  
Till Ra comes from the heavens  
And Set comes from the hells.

Man is a mixed breed ever,  
Remembering yesterday.  
He looks to the East for wisdom,  
Westward for his play.  
He looks East in old memory,  
Westward in new hope.  
We rope the wild-west horses,

*Why Do We Not Return?*

But scribe Thoth weaves the rope.  
We stoop to kiss sweet Hathor  
Who sleeps by our fire there;  
But just as we have touched her lips,  
There's a wild call in the air—  
The Mohawk comes, the Mohawk comes,  
And we hear his drums roll near  
From great Red Eagle Mountain,  
Next moment he is here!

## THE INDIAN GIRL—MY GRANDMOTHER

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

I think of just one bride  
Besides this pale bride here,  
It is my Indian grandmother  
Of a far yesteryear.

I think of her so often,  
Her baskets, feathers, and knives.  
I know she was good to her man,  
The bravest of wives.

I am nearer her kin by far,  
Than the British who strut and boast  
That they are the kin of William the Norman,  
And his ravishing host.

And I back my one drop of blood  
From this Indian girl  
Against all the blood of the Normans,  
Where the British flags unfurl.

## BEHIND SUN-MOUNTAIN

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

We climbed to the glacier beyond the trail,  
Beyond the flowers and the shale and the woods.  
We built a campfire there in the rain  
Of three old roots, broken to punk,  
And our discarded goods.  
The campfire burned against the fog,  
Against the ice and the rain and snow,  
And we asked what the wise in glaciers ought to  
know.

Then on we climbed, and down we climbed,  
And built a better fire,  
In the night, in the rain, in the fog and snow,  
And watched the long night go,  
Dry and warm by a glorious furious fire.  
At midnight, for an hour, the sky  
Was clear as a crystal pool,  
Every star in its place,  
Each mountain stood in its place  
And spelled its name  
In the happy midnight hieroglyphic school.  
But soon the fog came down again,  
Soon to renew the trial.  
The great fire dried the rain in the fog,  
And dried our shoes and our coats with a smile,  
And there we slept awhile.

## THE FOG COMES AND GOES

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

In the valley of ten thousand flowers  
The fog came down, we built a fire  
That wiped out fog and dark and rain,  
And gave a golden glory to desire.  
And there, on a bed of deep pine-boughs  
We gloried, and told tales of old.  
Strange beasts were rustling in the bush—  
We feared not, for one night were bold.  
We dragged great logs from the mist's edge.  
We built that fire to the great sky,  
And midnight saw the great fog lift,  
Clear stars and mountains fill the world,  
While on that fir-bough bed,  
Like mountain-lions in their cave we curled,  
Two lovers, conquerors of the fog,  
Sheltered by ten great fire-logs,  
And conquerors of the world.



## A GREAT SHADOWY DAY

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

Looking out the window  
Of the little log cabin  
We found in the lone lorn wood,  
We saw the green world passing by  
Throughout the shadowy day.

Under Mount Custer,  
We saw the shadows and we called them good;  
Under the high trees,  
Under the shadow of the bushes on the cliff,  
Under the shadow of the flowers,  
And the misty valley's flowery hours,  
We saw the shadowy day go by  
And found it a pageant and a play.  
We found a joy in that great shadowy day.

## THE BREATH OF THE WIND

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

The winds that come across the pass to-night  
While I watch the fire, hour after hour,  
Come from the west, speak of the western sky  
That changed from rose to gray,  
And gray to rainbow butterfly  
And to carnation flower.  
All those strange colors change now to strange  
sounds;  
In winds the twilight speaks the whole night  
through,  
And so I heap new logs upon the fire,  
And think, my sleeping sweetheart, still, of you.

Hid there beneath the fir-bough shelter, built  
By our own hands at sunset,  
Now a dark and darling mystery,  
With deeper mysteries to keep.  
I hear your breath, oh, sleeping sweetheart,  
As you stir in sleep.  
So the dark transcends both time and death—  
Your whispered breathing is immortal breath.

## THE QUAIL RECEIVES A GUEST

The Quail on her nest  
Received a little dream-cloud  
For a guest.

## THE BABY THAT CAME FROM THE FERN

Behold:—  
Where the Honeymoon trails  
Meander and linger  
And tangle and turn  
The Baby that came  
From the curling fern.

*The Quail*



*The Baby*



## THE TIME WHEN THINGS HAD BETTER NAMES

### *The Forest-Ranger's Honeymoon*

These flowers and beasts and birds and trees,  
Mountains and bees,  
Have not the splendid names  
They once had long ago,  
When you and I sat round the fire,  
Our twelve strong sons there in a row,  
Centuries ago.  
They brought new names  
For each new thing  
They brought into the campfire ring,  
Words our eldest son, the poet,  
Then began to sing.  
We wove those names into a world,  
Centuries ago.

These rocks and lakes are much the same,  
But the old names pass.  
We had better names for rivers,  
And for the white bear grass.  
We had better names for every mountain  
And for every tree.

We almost hear them in the night,  
Alone by candlelight.

*When Things Had Better Names*

If we wait here by the light,  
The names may come to you and me.  
Elusive now, hiding now,  
The dawn may set them free,  
And bring those twelve strong sons  
And the eldest son, the singing chieftain,  
Back to you and me.

## THE BAT ✓

By the Candle  
In the Cabin  
I heard the voice  
Of a great Pack-rat.  
It spoke,  
And the vision came—  
Just  
Like  
That.  
“The United States  
Wears a great black hat.  
Behold:—  
The descent  
Of the Night  
On the Mountains—  
In the form  
Of a great  
Black Bat.”

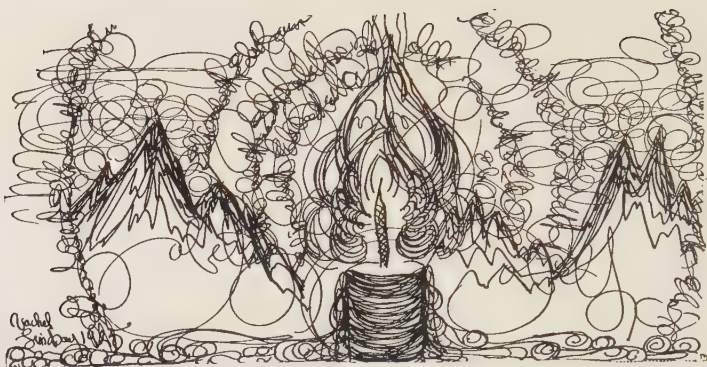




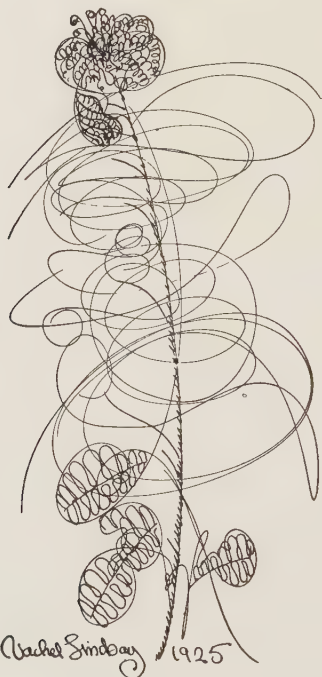


HERE BEGINS

THE FOREST-RANGER'S  
SECOND HONEYMOON



*The Candle of the Dream*



*A Whirlwind Going  
Up a Flower*

## ONCE MORE

When the thousand love-gods  
Knocked at the door,  
We lit the candle of the dream  
Once more.

## THE WHIRLWIND

Said the Red Indian  
Medicine-Man to his son:—  
When you take your bride  
Be a bull of power.  
Be an eagle  
Flying over red-eagle,  
A whirlwind  
Going up a flower.

## THE SUMMER ARROW OF SUNSHINE

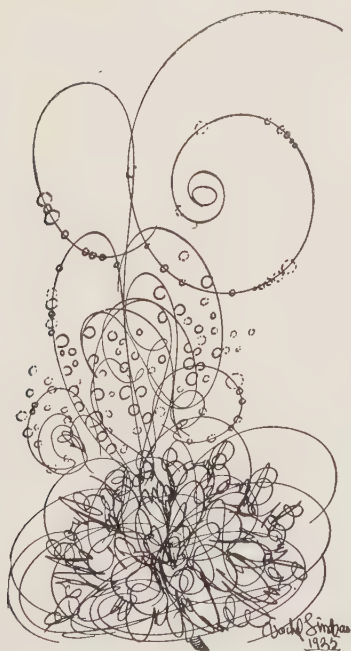
The arrow that bent  
In the summer wind  
Was straight  
And terrible  
In the storm.

## THE CRYSTALLINE CROWN

The blossom  
That came  
When the storm died down,  
Was decked with a dewy  
Crystalline  
Crown.



*The Arrow of Sunshine*



*The Crystalline Crown*

## THE RAT-SOULED FOE THE CITY FEARS

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

When you and I were in the lands  
Far to the west of this strange camp  
(It seems to us but yesterday)  
We lit a purple-flaming lamp—  
No, a lantern—at the dusk  
And walked through a still street  
And heard no feet but far off feet.

We clambered at the guarded gate,  
Of the inner city there.  
We said, "A whispering foe comes near!  
We heard him on the stair.  
High on the tower of the outer gate.  
We know that he will come,  
We have owl's eyes, we have owl's ears,  
The rat-souled foe the city fears  
Will come."

But they woke not at the city gate.  
We left the city to its fate.  
We stole away at the dawn of day,  
We reached the forest far away,  
We saw the city burning down,  
The far off, terrible, heedless town.

*The Rat-Souled Foe*

But no foe came to spoil delight  
In our wooded cabin, day or night.  
Our dream rolled on for many a year  
Till we woke dreaming, singing here,  
And saw the city and its fire  
In this fir-bough bed, our heart's desire,  
In these knapsacks,  
All of life and play  
And saw all cities burn away;  
And saw all dreams come and go,  
Except star-sky and sunlit sky  
Over the forests and mountains high.



## A MEMORY OF BOYHOOD

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

Once, alone in the wilderness I built myself a fire,  
In an island in a little stream, alone,  
And the water spoke,  
With one hundred thousand voices,  
Till the day broke.  
How the mists rolled down from the mountain,  
Bringing happiness;  
How the trees were friends to heal my loneliness;  
How the trembling island seemed the cloud of my  
pride;  
The campfire was a chariot where my Elijah soul  
could ride.

How the mariposa lilies in the dim light gleamed,  
The stately dress of the wilderness  
Where I lay and dreamed.  
Oh, once alone in the wilderness I built myself a  
fire!  
Now, my love and I, this night, build again a fire,  
And the strange God-breath of the wilderness  
Turns to desire.

## THE CITY OF GLASS

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

Beside the lake we call "The City of Glass"  
We watched our red, dear afternoon go past,  
Red with Indian-paint and heart's blood hours—  
Innocent were all the other flowers.  
What rhyme of love or shout of love can sing  
Of that deep grass and secret rock and spring?  
Of your sun blaze of whiteness and your laughter  
My still heart must remember ever after?

## THE PICTURE OF THE HEART-BOAT

Behold:—

The boat called “wonder,”

Called: “Calm after thunder,”

It is painted with hearts.

The boat on the lake called:—

“The City of Glass.”

## THE FISH WITH THE BRACELETS

Through the candle of dreams

We saw them pass—

Each wearing a beautiful

Bracelet of brass,

The little fish

Of the lake called:—

“The City of Glass.”



*The Heart-Boat*



*The Little Fish*

## THE FIR-TREE

Heavy with secret shadows  
That are sweet  
As kissing rhymes,  
The Candle in the Cabin  
Is a fir-tree  
Sometimes.

## THE APPLE TREE

Bearing two sweet apples  
As sweet as kissing rhymes,  
The Candle in the Cabin  
Is an apple-tree  
Sometimes.

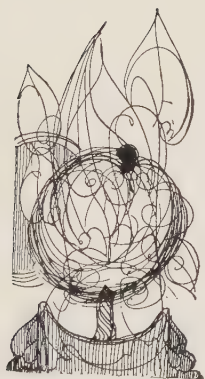
## THE MUSICAL WIND

To the strange flower  
On the mountain—  
A Poet from afar,  
A wind from the North Star  
Made secret rhymes  
As sweet as kisses are,  
Rhymes that kissed each other  
Many times,—  
Laughing little rhymes.

*The Fir-Tree*



*The Apple Tree*



*The Strange  
Flower*



## THE DRIFTWOOD BED

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

The little driftwood bed  
By Dragon Fly Lake,  
Under the noon sun,  
Cure for a little heart-ache.

The little driftwood bed,  
The song of the dragon waves,  
The free love, the free north wind,  
And a thousand sorrows in their graves.

The little driftwood bed,  
The pillow of pebbles and sand,  
And our hearts again wedded  
Like the water and the land.

## LIKE THEIR FATHERS OF OLD

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

Far from the world and its wrong,  
They love as the pioneers loved,  
Kissing by firelight and candlelight,  
In the cabin there in the woods.

Face turns to shadowed face,  
Body to body's grace,  
All for Love's delight,  
Kissing the whole night long,  
Through the terrible storm  
In the cabin, pine-ribbed and strong.

Lovers in far away places  
Kiss by electric light,  
By bright automobile light,  
By movie theater half-light,  
By wriggling street sign light.

But like their fathers of old,  
These are kissing by candlelight,  
Through the terrible storm  
And hearing a night bird's song,  
The night-raven's song.



## THE ASPEN LEAF LOVERS

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

Two happy lovers on one pillow in the forest,  
One pine bed in the forest,  
Singing the night away!  
The moon was almost full;  
The little lake was still;  
The aspen leaves were gay  
Against the midnight blue,  
Quivering all night through.

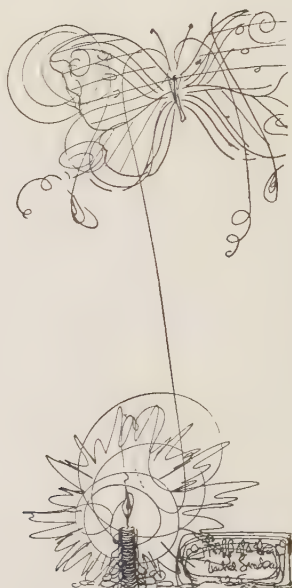
The lovers kissed—  
Their lips were like the leaves—  
And their hearts quivered, too.

A NEW SECTION ENTITLED  
THE BUTTERFLY CITIZENS



*Three Little  
Flower Ships*

*The Musical  
Butterfly*



### THREE LITTLE FLOWER SHIPS

Three little  
Flower-ships  
Went sailing by,  
With butterflies  
For sails.

### THE MUSICAL BUTTERFLY

The musical  
Butterfly,  
Whose wings are a harp,  
And the dots  
Are the notes  
Of the tunes,  
That he plays.

## THE STORM-BLOWN BUTTERFLIES

Two  
Storm-blown  
Butterflies,  
Kings of the Storm,  
With their little Crowns  
Quite groggy.

## THE PRAIRIE BUTTERFLY

The prairie butterfly  
That dreamed of mountain-birds,  
(Birds that were veiled  
Like brides)  
Was followed by  
His dreams  
Into the mountains.



*Two Storm-Blown  
Butterflies*



*The Prairie Butterfly*

## THE BUTTERFLY CITIZENS

Indian Pass is golden green,  
Indian Pass is high;  
Over it, the glaciers,  
Under it, scraps of sky.

We climbed over Indian Pass  
And thought of Springfield Town,  
Far away in Illinois,  
While the wind roared down,  
Springfield seemed a star afar, a far off jewel flame,  
Our home-town was a wonder-point,  
Or merely one more name.

The real town, the one town,  
Was the sod beneath our feet,  
With city streets complete:  
With the Indian Paint, the bear grass,  
The ferns that toss, the fireweed floss,  
The hundred sorts of mountain moss;  
And up and down, across, across,  
Flew the mountain citizens,  
The shining snow-line butterflies  
With peacock-winged eyes.





## THE PROCESSION POLITICAL

Each insect  
Flings off  
His repression!  
The butterfly  
Torch-light  
Procession!

## THE PRESIDENT

The butterflies  
Chose for their president  
A great big lily of glass.  
We saw their  
Election-rockets pass.  
And the  
Mountain-rocket flower  
Turned to a rocket  
And flew past  
The lily of glass.

*The Butterfly  
Torchlight Procession*



*Election Rockets*

## SNOW-BORN BUTTERFLIES

### *The Forest-Ranger's Second Honeymoon*

When you and I were white, white snow-born butterflies,

When you and I were butterflies,

When these were new-born mountains,

Back there a million geologic years,

The loves of fearful beasts went on

In all the valleys,

And love was shame and fury, blood and tears.

But we found new ways of loving

In the hearts of mountain flowers,

Close to glaciers, and the snow-line places.

We read a shy delight in the wooing red and white

Of all the tree-buds in their breeds and races.

And we bound ourselves together,

And flew through the blue air,

Fluttering in naked sweetness in the sun.

That was the day that this day on the fire-grass was  
begun.

Still we are tender, and flower-taught,

In the light of the sun.

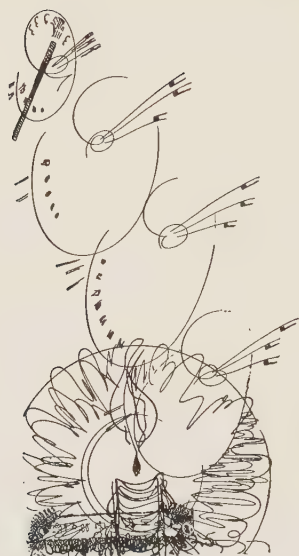
Love is not death and fury, blood and tears;

Love holds no secret fears.

Love is the naked glory

Of the white, eternal, snowy, splendid summits of  
the years.

NOW COMES THE SECTION IN WHICH  
THE CANDLE IS BLOWN OUT



*The Palettes and  
Brushes of Autumn*

*The First Leaves*



## SEPTEMBER ENDED

When September ended  
The palettes and brushes  
Of autumn descended.

## THE LEAVES FALL

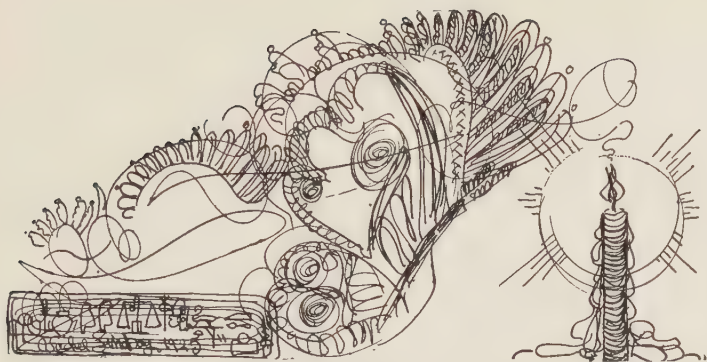
The Indian Summer wind grieves  
With the falling of  
The first leaves.

## THE MOHAWK WAR-BONNET

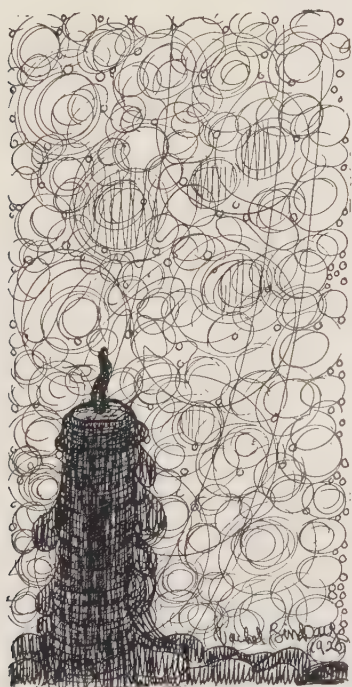
Again—  
Darkness, sweetness and scandal—  
Trailing his Mohawk  
War-bonnet—  
The Butterfly came  
And extinguished the Candle.

## BUBBLES FROM BLACKFEET GLACIER FALLS

Bubbles  
From Blackfeet Glacier Falls,  
In the dream that  
Hovers  
Near the  
Blown-out candle  
In the Cabin  
In the Moonlight.



*Trailing His Mohawk War-Bonnet*



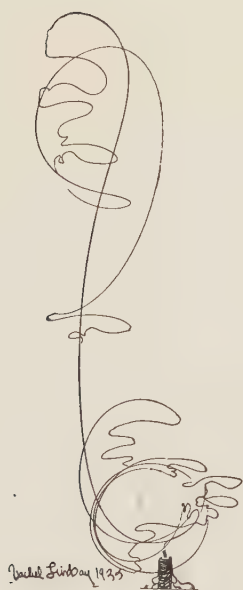
*Bubbles from Blackfeet Glacier Falls*



# *EPILOGUE*

## ONE MORE SONG

All I can bring is one more song,  
Though I have brought you a thousand and one.  
So it will be till my life is done.  
I would set right the old world's wrong;  
I would outbuild New York and Rome.  
But all  
I can bring home  
Is one  
More  
Song.









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